



JULIA WARD HOWE

How the Quieter Sort Amuse Themselves

By Julia Ward Howe

Newport Now Contrasted with the Newport of Yesterday—Parlor Amusements for the "Quieter Sort"—Old Time Dance on the Green—Famous Men and Women Who Have Enjoyed Themselves Simply—Camping Out and Summer Schools of Philosophy—Recreation vs. Amusement.

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Julia Ward Howe, with her husband, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the eminent philanthropist who died in 1876, worked tirelessly against slavery, becoming a leader in the agitation carried on throughout New England. After the slavery question was settled by the civil war Mrs. Howe took a prominent part in the work for woman suffrage, prison reform and international peace. Her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is known everywhere and will always live. Among her many works may be mentioned "Fashion Flowers," "Later Lyrics," "Memoir of S. G. Howe," "Life of Margaret Fuller" and "Is Politics a Profession?" Her children are also famous, the best known of them being Miss Howe Elliott and Laura Richards. The intimacy of her associations with the great writers and thinkers of the last half century is shown by the present article.

I am in Newport in the month of October. The gay season has come and gone. The gay world has driven and dined and danced, seeking and finding its accustomed plethora of frivolous amusement. It has possibly paid its bills and has certainly gone its way. It has troubled itself little with regard to the amusement of those outside of its limits. Yet has some diversion been furnished to mankind at large by the report of its doings. Its taste has been more accordant with Roman luxury than with Greek simplicity. Dinners in private houses of from 80 to 100 plates are far removed from the classic rule which enjoined that guests at a banquet should not be less than three or more than nine.

The faces of the gay people when they departed were anything but gay. They looked fatigued and fatigued beyond measure, and their banality of facial expression was such as to strike a chill to the heart of the beholder.

The writer, having haunted the present field of observation for some seven decades, will here hazard some retrospective notes on "things that have been."

I might first speak of a Newport season of 55 years ago, in which George William Curtis and Thomas Appleton, with the families of Poet Longfellow and Dr. Howe, sojourned together at the old Cliff house, now replaced by the new Cliff hotel. Studios inmates passed mornings in their rooms. Sea bathing for those who enjoyed it also occupied much of the forenoon. The afternoons were devoted to rambling, out-of-door sketching and driving, mostly along the beautiful beaches. Now and then our drive brought us to a tea-house, famous for its inexhaustible supply of hot griddle cakes. An occasional "hop at the ocean" called away our young people, but the crowning gaiety of the week was found in the Saturday evening gathering at this same Ocean house, where elders sat or promenade while young couples danced to their hearts' content, the ladies holding their trains in one hand, as the traditional mermaid is supposed to hold her caudal appendage.

In those days one of the few residents of Bellevue avenue issued invitations for a dance at his house. When the music and the figures began the

Yankee serving man, recently hired, exclaimed, "I won't stay to see those people dance themselves to hell!" and rushed wildly from the house, leaving the refreshments to take care of themselves.

Years passed in which the butterfly hunt of fashion began to invade our quiet, but not yet in aggressive numbers. A summer came which brought Bret Harte, Dr. Holland, James Parton and Fanny Fern, Col. T. W. Higginson and Helen Hunt to the lovely seaside resort. Those congenial spirits soon formed a habit of coming together. We enjoyed many sals across the bay and chowder cooked on the sands of Jamestown, which then boasted five houses and only one small tavern. Our evenings were enlivened by readings, parlor dramas, charades and delightful conversation. The enchanting season came to an end all too quickly, never to repeat itself, but never wholly to perish from the memories of those whom it had united in friendly intercourse.

The watering place presently came into absolute favor with the devotees of fashionable life. Great attention was given to display and entertainments grew more and more formal and expensive. Night was turned into day and day afforded no time for any thoughtful pursuit. What did the "quieter sort" do under these circumstances?

They united to form a small and friendly association whose meetings were held in private parlors. Refreshments were limited to tea and its concomitants or simple ices and cake. A presiding officer, a small committee charged with providing entertainment, and a treasurer appointed to receive and care for the very moderate fees intended to cover the expenses of correspondence and announcement—these sufficed for a quarter of a century to keep the club in running order.

The entertainments offered to this assembly were sufficiently varied in character. Men of science kindly lent themselves to the object held in view and instructive talks on many questions of natural history were given and enjoyed. Under this head mention might be made of a botanical picnic, at which an expert in that line of study led an adventurous party into depths of cliff and valley, to return laden with wild flowers, which were duly dissected and explained before an attentive audience. Music and the parlor drama sometimes brought lighter faculties into play and in the region of pure literature some rare delights were afforded us. Hans Bretmann read us the famous poem which gave him his name. The Rev. George Ellis enlightened us on themes of early American history. Col. T. W. Hig-

HEARTS IN QUEER PLACES.

Some Long, Some Short and Some in the Small of the Back.

There is one curious fact which not everybody notices about the common, finger long, green caterpillars of our larger moths. Their hearts, instead of being in front, are at the back of the body and extend along the entire length of the animal. One can see the heart distinctly through the thin skin and can watch its slow beat, which starts at the tail and moves forward to the head.

Hearts of this sort reaching from head to tail are not at all uncommon in the simpler creatures, says St. Nicholas. The earthworm has one, and so have most worms, caterpillars and other crawling things.

Hearts in the middle of the back are also quite as frequent as those

ginsom unearthed for us the veritable diary of a Newport belle of 100 years ago. Memorable was a lecture on Aristotle, given by the late Prof. Davidson. The interest of this was so great as to lead to more than one special gathering for the discussion of the various directions in which the "greatest of those who know" led the intellectual advance of the world.

Leaving for the moment the purlieus of Newport town, let me glance a little at summer festivities in the rural districts. In this connection I recall a dance on the green, the grass closely clipped for the occasion. The time was golden September, the company a dozen intimate heads of families, with their young people, the music an old-fashioned fiddler with his instrument. On this smooth sward the waltz, "fatal," some French writer says, "to good dancing," cannot well be managed. But lancers and "Portland fancy" succeed very well. The time chosen is the very heart of the lovely autumn day. Papas and mammas sit cheerfully in a pleasant mingling of sun and shade and recall their own days of friskiness. But when the Virginia reel is called their feet refuse to keep still. They take hands and join in the mirthful exercise until they are well tired out and by no means unwilling to taste an excellent "bouillabaisse," which is served, piping hot, under the shelter of the oaks and maples.

Shall I go back a little further and recall a real "dance in a barn"? Not the gymnastic which figures under that name in a modern ballroom, but a feast given by a city lady of 50 years since to celebrate the completion of a new barn on her country estate. She sends her invitations through the village carpenter. He asks whether he shall invite old and young. She replies, "By all means, and the more the merrier."

So, at sundown, the rustic neighbors appear. The barn is lit with lanterns and adorned with green boughs. The tables are spread with substantial viands. The air is redolent of the fragrance of hot coffee. In a corner stands the fiddler and a call is made for partners. Farmer B. suggests that "Cousin Bob might bring his bass," and so the "cello lends its dignity to the occasion. The country folks execute their steps with great good will. At intervals they unite their voices in song:

"Last Tuesday night the wind was west,
There was a husking in the east."

And so on and so on until the rural limits of frolic time are reached and the barn is left to its future estate of use.

The extension of camp life in our country is a very encouraging sign of progress. The breath of the woods is fresh and invigorating and the simple labors of the camp, shared among its inmates, afford a lesson in the direction of that plain living which is said to be a condition of high thinking. The summer camps for boys, which have so multiplied of late, provide abundantly for the exercise of that superfluous energy which renders the youngster when "cabinized, cribbed, confined" a terror to orderly households.

What a camping out was that in which Emerson, the elder Agassiz and Lowell, with a chosen company of friends, took refuge in the Adirondack solitudes! William Stillman, who planned and conducted this outing "in the grand style," has spoken of it at some length in his recently published "Reminiscences." It always remained in his mind as one of the greatest events in his eventful life. Mr. Emerson was moved to celebrate this excursion in a poem which I once had, with other friends, the pleasure of hearing from his own lips. As he read the now well-known lines his face was lit up by pleasant recollections and he even quoted with humor the boatman's comment on the bad rowing of one of the party, "Will you catch crabs?"

JULIA WARD HOWE.

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SIZE.....
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Aldrich's Pretty Parable.

The latest Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote exquisitely graceful prose and verse, but his work was never popular. At a dinner party in Boston a young lady said to him: "I have been reading 'Two Bites of a Cherry,' and I think it is lovely. Why isn't it a big seller, like the works of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine?" "My dear young lady," said the poet, "in writing the book as well as I could I did my part. If the public disapproves—well, then the public is like the Commonwealth Avenue housemaid. A resident of Commonwealth Avenue, a lady in reduced circumstances, is obliged to take in a few lodgers. Her housemaid is rather a frail, a rather pretty girl, and the other day she said to her mistress: 'I'm afraid that there no lodger, wot we thought so well of ain't no gent after all, mum.' 'No gentleman, Susan?' said the lady. 'I'm very sorry. Why do you say so?' 'Why, mum, this mornin' when he seen me carryin' a scuttle o' coal, he says: 'That there scuttle o' coal, he says, 'for a little thing like you,' he says, and he up and took it from me, and carried it 'imself, just like a common footman.'"

A Paradox Explained.

Minerva was the goddess of wisdom and yet she fought about taking the beauty prize," sneered the young student.

"My son," mildly replied the old philosopher, "that merely proves she was wise to the ways of man."

SOMEWHAT OF A REFLECTION.

Naive Comment of Debutante That Amused Hostess.

A charming hostess of one of the "big houses," as they are called by those who are welcomed into them, has the added beauty of premature white hair. That which seems to her contemporaries an added charm may appear to the crudely young a mark of decline, at least so it appears in one instance of which the hostess herself tells with enjoyment.

The lady is a connoisseur of antiques. At one of her teas a debutante rich with the glow of youth, but sadly constrained with her sense of novelty, was handed a cup of tea; the cup was beautifully blue and wonderfully old. The hostess desiring to lighten the strain on her youthful guest by a pleasant diverting remark, said: "That little cup is a hundred and fifty years old!"

"Oh," came the debutante's high strained voice. "How careful you must be to have kept it so long!"

WESTERN MEN IN NEW YORK.

Brains of Mountain and Prairie in Demand in the Financial Center.

Ever since the early days, when D. O. Mills, J. B. Haggin and James R. Keene "emigrated" from California to New York, the metropolis has been drawing largely on the west and south for its supply of "men who do things." Theodore P. Shonts, both a southerner and westerner, who has undertaken to solve New York's great transit problem, is the latest importation in response to the call of the east.

The promptness with which Thos. F. Ryan, of Virginia, turned the Equitable Life Assurance Society over to its policyholders, who now elect a majority of its board of directors, and is divested himself of the control of the stock which he bought from Jas. H. Hyde, and the success of the new management of the Society under the direction of President Paul Morton, have created a demand for the strong men of the south and west that is greater than ever before. Under the Morton management the Equitable has made a better showing than any other insurance company in the way of improved methods, economies and increased returns to policyholders.

E. H. Gary, head of the greatest corporation in the world—the U. S. Steel Co.—John W. Gates, Henry C. Frick, Norman B. Ream, Wm. H. Moore and Daniel G. Reid are other westerners who are among the biggest men in New York.

ENTICED BY THE BAR.

Strenuous Actions Mildly Explained by the Minister.

Many stories are told of the eccentric doings and sayings of an old clergyman who lived in Maine some years ago. At one time there had been a fight among some men, one of whom was seriously hurt. A trial took place, and the old minister who had seen the affray was summoned as a witness.

"What was Salson doing?" was the first question.

"Oh, he was slashing around."

"Well, sir, just what do you mean by that?"

"Why, he was knocking about him here and there."

"Now, sir, kindly tell us plainly what Salson did to this man."

"Why, he—he enticed him," said the old minister slowly. "He enticed him with a crowbar. He used the crowbar to persuade the man—to entice him; and by a series of pokes and blows he succeeded in doing it," said the minister, mildly.

Her Aim.

A man who runs a truck farm to Virginia tells of the sad predicament in which a colored man named Sam Moore, who is in his employ, recently found himself. Sam had had considerable difficulty in evading the onslaughts of a dog from a neighboring farm. Finally the dog got him, as Sam kicked at him.

Sam's wife, hearing a tremendous yell, rushed to the rescue of her husband. When she came up the dog had fastened his teeth in the calf of Sam's leg and was holding on for dear life. Seizing a stone in the road, Sam's wife was about to hurl it when Sam, with wonderful presence of mind, shouted:

"Mandy! Mandy! Don't frow dat stone at de dawg! Frow it at me, Mandy!"—Youth's Companion.

A SMALL SECRET.

Couldn't Understand the Taste of His Customers.

Two men were discussing the various food products now being supplied in such variety and abundance.

One, a grocer, said, "I frequently try a package or so of any certain article before offering it to my trade, and in that way sometimes form a different idea than my customers have."

"For instance, I thought I would try some Postum Food Coffee, to see what reason there was for such a call for it. At breakfast I didn't like it and supper proved the same, so I naturally concluded that my taste was different from that of the customers who bought it right along."

"A day or two after, I waited on a lady who was buying a 25c package and told her I couldn't understand how one could fancy the taste of Postum."

"I know just what is the matter," she said, "you put the coffee boiler on the stove for just fifteen minutes, and ten minutes of that time it simmered, and perhaps five minutes it boiled; now if you will have it left to boil full fifteen minutes after it commences to boil, you will find a delicious Java-like beverage, rich in food value of gluten and phosphates, so choice that you will never abandon it, particularly when you see the great gain in health."

Well, I took another trial and sure enough I joined the Postum army for good, and life seems worth living since I have gotten rid of my old time stomach and kidney troubles."

Postum is no sort of medicine, but pure liquid food, and this, together with a relief from coffee worked the change. "Thee's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

FROM ALL OVER THE STATE

SALOONS HOLD UP

Under New Law—Report Shows Increase in Some Places.

Columbus, O.—The shrinkage in the number of saloons in the state under the Alkin law has not been nearly as heavy as was anticipated at the time the law was enacted. There was some shrinkage the first six months under the new tax law, but it was of no great concern to the brewery and liquor interests.

The second six months was then expected to show a heavy falling off in the saloons, but the reports now in from the several counties show that in some places there has been an increase, while the total falling off in saloons in the entire state is but 409, as compared with the past six months. There are for the six months 9,563 saloons in the state, paying into the treasuries a half-year's tax of \$4,781,500.

These figures are compiled by the auditor of state from the July settlement with the several county auditors. The reports are for the returns made to the auditors for the period beginning May last.

NEGRO STRIKE BREAKER

Shot While in Bed at the Mine in Pomeroy.

Pomeroy, O.—Aaron G. Bowman, colored strike breaker employed in the Charter Oak mine, was shot while in bed in his boarding house on Willis Hill. The ball, which was a .38-caliber from a Winchester rifle, came through the side of the house, entered his shoulder blade and came out between his ribs. He will recover.

Shooting has been going on every night in the part of the town where the colored strike breakers are quartered, and the striking miners say that it is all done by the strike breakers themselves. Manager Ebersbach, of the mine, has offered a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of the person who shot Bowman.

HOUSE WAS STRIPPED

And Unroofed by Lightning, But the Inmates Escaped Unhurt.

Urbana, O.—During the heavy electrical storm which passed over Urbana lightning played many queer pranks. At the Englehart home the roof was torn off, the doors were torn from their hinges, all windows were shattered and the east half of the house was torn away, yet it did not take fire and not a member of the family was harmed. Great damage has been reported all over the county.

Trust Members Are Sentenced.

Toledo, O.—Common Pleas Judge Morris sentenced the brick and lumbermen convicted of violating the Valentine anti-trust law and the bridge agents, who pleaded guilty to infractions of this law. The brickmen must pay \$1,000 and costs each. The lumbermen and the bridge agents are sentenced to serve six months in the workhouse and pay the costs.

Cut Out His Tongue.

Springfield, O.—After imploring his family physician to perform an operation on his tongue to cure a cancer and begging members of the family to cut out the cancerous growth, John Geron, a grain elevator man of Dallas Station, near Tremont City, himself performed the operation, cutting his tongue completely off just above the tonsils. He is in a critical condition.

Springfield Gets Next Convention.

Toledo, O.—With the installation of the officers elected last December, and the selection of Springfield for the next convention, the 88th annual session of Ohio Old Fellows was brought to a close. Newark and East Liverpool also wanted the convention, but Springfield, a dark horse, won out on the third ballot.

New Serum Fails.

Columbus, O.—The new serum for lockjaw was applied at the Protestant hospital here to ten-year-old Arthur Prego, of Commercial Point, O., who developed the malady from a wound in his foot made by a thorn. The boy died. Physicians say the serum was applied too late.

Babe Under a Box.

Delaware, O.—Mrs. Frank Shannon missed her 18-month-old daughter and instituted a search, finding the little one pinioned beneath a box of soap weighing 80 pounds. The skin of the child's face was literally peeled off and the babe may die from internal injuries.

Formed Living Chain.

Piqua, O.—Forming a living chain, farmers searched for Orville Apple, aged six years, and at dawn found his body in Trotton's creek. The boy evidently had fallen into the stream.

Severed Head Bit Him.

Zanesville, O.—Will Christman picked up the head of a turtle and one of his fingers was bitten off. The strange feature of it is that the turtle's head had been cut off for two hours and the body was being prepared for the soup kettle.

Hurt on the Grave.

Marion, O.—Marguerite, the four-year-old daughter of L. V. Uncapher, was fatally injured while decapitating her grandmother's grave. She fell on a glass jar and severed an artery in the right wrist.

Showered With Fire.

Steenbenville, O.—Joseph Ferris, 30, was frightfully burned at the Carnegie Steel Co.'s plant at Mingo Junction by flames and cinders that burst from the furnace. He died soon afterward. An other workman was seriously burned.

Russell Drake Reported Arrested.

Columbus, O.—Russell B. Drake, ex-convict, who married a Cincinnati girl, prominent violinist, under the name of Miller and posed as a mine owner, is said to be under arrest in Indianapolis for running a fake employment agency.

GAVE UP HIS MONEY.

But the Ohio Bride-to-Be Failed to Show Up.

Cleveland, O.—On a charge of using the mails to defraud an Oklahoma widow who was in the matrimonial market, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Link, of 1575 East Twenty-second street, were arrested by government officers. It is charged that Mrs. Link, impersonating a prospective bride, obtained \$40 from the westerner to be used as railroad fare to go to him. Link, it is alleged, cashed the money order.

The would-be groom is Thomas E. Green. His address is Lookaba, O. T., Box 15, R. P. D.

The writer of the letter, "Miss Edith Clark," came not after he sent the money. He concluded she might have stopped off at Kansas City and met with an accident. He hiked for that city, visited the hospitals, then appealed to the police.

According to postal inspectors the money order sent to "Edith Clark" was paid to "H. E. Lambert," and was deposited later in a local trust company with Link's account. It was in this way that Link came to be suspected, they say.

CRUEL TREATMENT

Charged By Rosie Seigle While in a Columbus Asylum.

Youngstown, O.—Rosie Seigle, 18, for the past seven months confined in the home for the feeble minded at Columbus, begged of Probate Judge Grifflin not to be sent back there. She made sensational charges against the management of the institution, declaring that she had been subjected to the "water cure" when she was seized with a hysterical fit, and that bucket after bucket had been poured on her. She makes other charges of various character, alleging that she had been beaten with heavy sticks and on numerous occasions had been dragged about the floor by her hair. She told the judge that she had been confined in a solitary cell with but one glass of milk a day as nourishment. At other times she had been confined in a straight jacket and was not allowed to associate with the other girls. She says that she wrote to her father in the latter part of June to be taken away from there, which he did.

COURT ENJOINS STRIKERS.

American Shipbuilding Co. Appeals For Protection From Men.

Lorain, O.—The American Shipbuilding Co. has appealed to the federal court for protection against damage to property and violence against employees, as a result of the second strike. The shipbuilders walked out again on account of not desiring to work with former strike breakers. Injunctions were issued by the United States court in Cleveland.

A separate injunction against each striker was issued and served. There were 125 orders forbidding the strikers from interfering with the company or its employees.

Sues Ex-Congressman.

Fremont, O.—Ridley Hermon, until recently president of the Hermon Dry Goods Co., of this city, brought suit against former Congressman A. H. Jackson, to recover \$25,000 damages. Mr. Hermon says he sold and delivered to Mr. Jackson 370 shares in the Hermon Co. and the latter did not carry out the terms of the contract.

Block Wiped Out.

Leesburg, O.—The third destructive fire in two years occurred here. The Knights of Pythias block, on East Main street, was the scene of the conflagration. The entire block of ten buildings was consumed with the exception of the post office building, estimating a loss of \$20,000 to \$40,000, with small insurance.

Colored Women's Resolutions.

Toledo, O.—Resolutions deploring the severity of President Roosevelt toward the colored soldiers of the 25th infantry, stationed at Brownsville, Tex., were unanimously adopted at the closing session of the seventh annual convention of the Ohio Federation of Colored Women's clubs held here.

Bolts Hit Women.

Portsmouth, O.—Mrs. Orin Russell, wife of a veneer worker, was knocked down and rendered unconscious by lightning during a storm. Her condition is serious. Mrs. Carl Ricker, wife of a prominent manufacturer, was shocked by lightning striking her umbrella.

For Camp Perry.

Port Clinton, O.—The water works, electric light and sewerage systems at the rifle range were inspected by Col. Miller, of Columbus. It is expected that all three systems will be in operation next week.

\$10,000 For An Eye.

Akron, O.—Mrs. Catherine Weastler filed an amended petition in her suit against the Roder Grocery Co., asking for \$10,000 because a can of molasses placed on the market by the Roder Co. exploded when she was opening it, destroying the sight of one of her eyes.

Speechless From Heat.

Springfield, O.—W. H. Barber, of 132 Linden avenue, has been speechless since last Sunday evening. The loss of his speech is said to be due to a sunstroke suffered that day.

Aged Benedict Sued.

Akron, O.—Edward Roopeke, 65, was sued for alleged breach of promise by Miss Annie Wecht, of Cleveland. She seeks \$15,000. Roopeke is the father of Edward Roopeke, Jr., vice president of the Akron Fertilizer Co., and is prominent in business and social circles.

Thrown From a Box Car.

Piqua, O.—Stanley Breconet, proprietor of the Thackeray grain elevator, and member of a prominent family, is dead as the result of being thrown from the top of a box car and having his limbs and body crushed.

A HERO OF THE BUSH

Tale of Heroic Devotion That Is Hard to Parallel.

Courage is not an attribute peculiar to the white man, nor is self-sacrifice the prerogative of civilization. In J. C. Firth's "Nation-Making" is told a story as touching, in its brave devotion, as any tale of the Victoria cross. The incident occurred at Orakani, where the English soldiers had just defeated the Maoris. A little party of colonial troops, pursuing fugitives, came upon three natives, two old men and one young fellow.

The youth, seeing the soldiers, dropped on one knee and aimed with his gun at the advancing party, which halted a moment, while the old men ran toward the forest. The old man had thrown away their firearms in order to make escape easier.

The soldiers fired at the youth, but missed. Without discharging his gun, he sprang to his feet and ran on in

advance until he caught up with the old man once more. Then, facing about, he presented his gun as before, but reserved his fire.

The weary old men gradually drew near cover. Once more the soldiers fired and missed; once more the gallant fellow turned and bounded on. The old men were close to the forest when the youth, nearly fainting, again knelt and took aim, but still did not fire.

The soldiers shot him as he knelt and rushed to the forest, but failed to capture the two fugitives, who, safe in the dense underbrush, made their escape.

On their return the soldiers found the brave young fellow lying dead. His gun was empty. It had not been loaded at all. With it he had covered the retreat of the old men and secured their freedom by the loss of his own life. No more gallant deed of heroic devotion was ever accomplished in any land.—Youth's Companion.

A Ballet Girl's Costume.

"My costume," said the pretty ballet girl, "weighs just a pound and a half."

"So much as that?"

"Yes, truly."

She put her foot on the seat of a chair, and bent over to fasten the silk sandal ribbon about her ankle. She was all silk and gauze, all youth and grace, like a fairy.

"I had my costume weighed last night," she said as she rose, smiling and panting slightly. "Those—she touched her thighs of pale blue silk—weigh four ounces. These gauze skirts, there are five of them, but they are very short, as you see, weigh nine ounces. My slippers weigh four ounces. My bodice, stays and all, weighs eight ounces. Total, 25 ounces, or a little over a pound and a half."

A Paradox Explained.